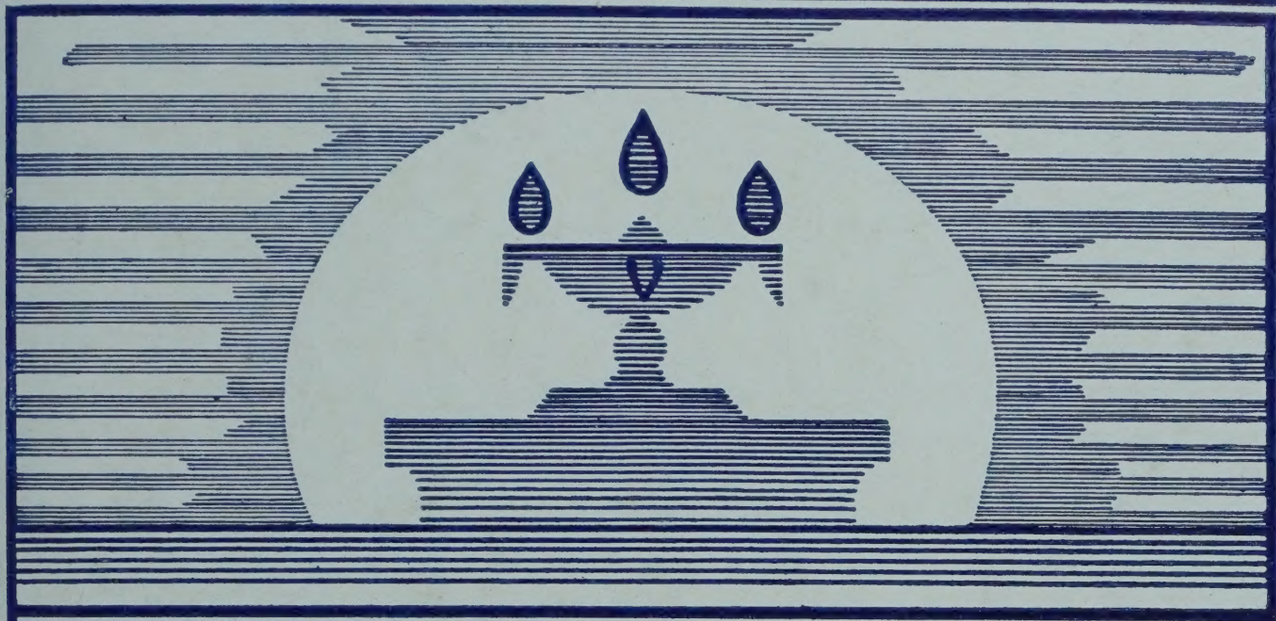

The ARYAN PATH

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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XXXIII APRIL 1962 No. 4

THE INDIVIDUAL AND RECONSTRUCTION

[WE reprint this editorial from THE ARYAN PATH, March 1943.—ED.]

IN the great deal of present useful discussion on the New World Order there is scarcely anything said about the place and the responsibility of the individual in creating and maintaining it. Just as economic and political aspects elbow almost out of existence the moral principles involved, so also the real strength and power of man, the individual, is not fully recognized; he is lost among classes and masses. His contribution, and he can make a real and substantial contribution, is not taken into account. Whatever plans the economist or the educationist may make, whatever laws the politician and the administrator may forge, it is the individual as citizen, learning at school or earning his livelihood, who has to work the plans and to carry out the programme made. Unless the highest interests of the individual are given the primary place in any programme of reconstruction, harmony and order will not result.

One of the most potent factors in post-war reconstruction, if not the most potent, is the present re-education of the educated adult. He has to learn to formulate and then to improve his own philosophy of life. This is a pressing task for each of us — to make clear to ourselves our own philosophy of life. By what principles do we live? Towards which ideals do we aspire? By what method do we work to realize them?

Every man lives by his own philosophy of life, his own inner religion — not by the creed of his birth. A true view of religion is necessary if the New Order is to be one of subjective peace and objective prosperity. World peace will not be established as long as members of our own constitution war among themselves, within us — as long as our greeds and ambitions, our lusts and passions, are active in the brain and in the blood. That is why rich individuals or rich nations enjoy not the peace

of heart and of mind, and why also their objective prosperity is not real and deep-rooted.

Organized religions are a bar to the world's progress towards lasting peace. We are not among the advocates of doing away with religions. But we fully recognize the necessity of doing away with the trading aspect inherent in every organized religious creed. The existing competition between religions is fostered by salaried priests. The individual should learn that one religion is as good as another, or as weak, for none is devoid of inspiring forces and none is free from the fetters of mental and moral slavery. The Great Instructors have always taught the self-same verities over which the dross of accretions has gathered; the future world-citizen must educate himself to absorb the wisdom of every religion, brushing away the dust of illusion that clouds each. The Wisest Minds have taught the self-same truths for ages and yugas — their constancy and consistency reveal their magnitude. These universal and immortal truths mellow the human mind, illumine the human heart.

Among these truths are two which may rightly be called primary fundamentals. They pertain: (1) To the real nature and constitution of the individual himself; and (2) To his relationship to his fellowmen and to the Great Mother, Nature.

The first raises the dignity of man in his own eyes and strengthens his sense of responsibility. Not by looking upon himself as born tainted with original sin and ineradicable weakness but by valuing himself as an unfolding divinity can man do not only great things but also righteous things. The former attitude makes him a weak creature dependent on the strength of some god or saviour and breeds in him innumerable falsehoods. The second enables him to go forward from strength to strength, not in arrogant isolation but in reverential realization of the Law of Interdependence.

The second of the two truths — man's attitude and behaviour towards his fellows and vast nature — has also been explained in one and the self-same way by Sages and Seers, ancient and modern. From the earliest times the doctrine of Non-Violence, of Harmlessness, of "Resist Not Evil" has been taught as an eternal law. Whether the warring clans of today, composed of politicians and soldiers, like it or not, the gospel of Non-Violence will prove dynamic, will become an Energetic Force if the New World now in the making is to enjoy lasting peace and real prosperity. Whatever the future of this gospel it has been made world-famous by the great son of India, Gandhiji; and once again credit goes to India for reintroducing this ancient truth in the modern

world. The consummation of Non-Violence is devoutly to be wished, and be it early or be it late when its recognition and practice are established, the sun of India will then shine with greater *ojas* and grander *tejas*.

On the foundation of these two truths — that man is divine and that hatred can be dissolved only by love and in no other way — can we erect the Temple of a New Civilization in which the formidable problems of economics, raw materials, national boundaries and the like will solve themselves. The World of Tomorrow must be free not only from religious sectarianism but also from the bias and the prejudice of narrow nationalism. What is needed then, and that immediately, is the education of the adult, which must put into each the right philosophy of life without which righteousness cannot become our permanent possession.

ROOMS

Rooms are people, all kinds of people;
Like you and me
They have their likes and dislikes,
They are hypersensitive
And can catch a mood
In the twinkling of an eye.
You will soon find out
If a room dislikes you,
But if you seem sympathetic
A fragrance like exquisite flowers
Will welcome your entry
And a mysterious presence will be felt
Rendering your solitude delightful.

HERBERT BLUEN

A MODERN MYSTIC'S DILEMMA

[**Mr. D. S. Maxted** has made a special study of mysticism, in the Vedanta, Islam and Christianity. He spent his formative years in the Indian Police, and after eight years there left in 1940 to devote himself fully to social-service work in India for ten years. The influences in his life that he warmly acknowledges are those of Kanai Maharaj, later the renowned Swami Lokeswarananda; then of the teachings of Sri Ramakrishna; and finally of Margaret Barr, the Unitarian minister and educator. He is now engaged in hospital work in Great Britain.

This lucid article conveys a perfect authenticity in its every phrase. Mr. Maxted leads us gently to a profound insight that, as he reminds us, great spiritual teachers have repeatedly urged upon us. In the priceless treatise *Light on the Path* it is thus expressed:—

> Desire power ardently.
> Desire peace fervently.
> Desire possessions above all.
> But those possessions must belong to the pure soul only, and be possessed therefore by all pure souls equally, and thus be the especial property of the whole only when united. Hunger for such possessions as can be held by the pure soul, that you may accumulate wealth for that united spirit of life which is your only true self. The peace you shall desire is that sacred peace which nothing can disturb, and in which the soul grows as does the holy flower upon the still lagoons. And that power which the disciple shall covet is that which shall make him appear as nothing in the eyes of men.

—Ed.]

Believing as I do, that the purpose of this life is the evolution of our knowledge of God and so of our love for Him, I have been wondering why so many of us who have striven all our lives to this end should still not be free of frustration.

Twenty years ago it had seemed to me clear and beyond argument that, however we might abuse our growing powers, the one thing that was taking place inevitably and regardlessly was the development of our *capacity* to understand. We might not yet be able to stop wars, to love all our fellows, to be the perfect beings we would like to be. In many respects we seemed to be even less than we had been. But somehow we had acquired greater ability to understand, if we chose to use it. And this had come about despite our own failings.

It therefore seemed reasonable for me to believe that all the countless laws of life, which scientific probing was only beginning to uncover, had been flawlessly designed with this one aim in view. What was being evolved was not the peace and comfort we hungered for but first the

tree of knowledge, on which alone these fruits might grow. We sought these fruits in vain until our tree should reach maturity.

The more this thesis was considered the more life stressed its truth for me. Throughout history men had sought peace, happiness, escape from painful problems. Yet these problems, by their very efforts, had only been multiplied and intensified. Today we seemed further from what we wanted than we had ever been; face to face indeed with complete self-annihilation. Where was our vaunted progress? It could be seen in one thing alone: the unquestionable increase in our ability to understand, if we would; in our opportunities for grasping at last what life was all about, if we were willing to use them.

Such reasoning as this has come to many of us and, perhaps, many with me have been lured into thinking our way now clearer; our own way at least, if the rest would not heed. Surely if we co-operated with the laws of life and responded to them willingly, seeking the knowledge they were designed to produce, the whole machinery of existence must move us smoothly towards our destined goal. Yet though I could see this twenty years ago and though every event since has only strengthened my belief in its fundamental truth, I know today that this vision must be incomplete, and there are others sharing it who have been made to feel the same disappointment.

It is God that we seek, and we had thought we knew the way to Him. Yet though we go willingly, striving earnestly, we find Him ever withdrawn from us, demanding something more.

We would be free of our fellows, who seem to blame for our failure. Yet the harder we push towards Him the more we are thrown back on them.

We have not gone our own way blindly. The cause of our frustration is not so easy to find. We have tried to follow faithfully one or another of the great God-knowers; perhaps several in the order of history's unfolding them, Moses, Jesus, Muhammad, Sri Ramakrishna in turn, endeavouring to widen our own minds to embrace the whole diversity of mankind. We have studied hard all our lives, given our service freely to others for His sake. We feel He ought to come to us.

We long to end the struggle now; to feel God near and satisfied. But the peace we seek with Him evades us still.

If we kneel at the feet of a Saviour who has called to us, "Come unto me" — when he has comforted and strengthened us, what does he say? "He who would save his life shall lose it, and who would lose it for my sake and the Gospel's shall find it. I am the Way. Take up

your cross and follow me." And he leads the way to the death of self on the cross.

Sri Ramakrishna was not allowed to rest at peace with Mother Kali. Though inevitably he returned to Her he had first to press on to the realization of the formless God, which seemed to deny what he wanted for himself. It was through this death of self, this willingness to let go of everything for God, that he knew the God of all men, Muslim, Christian, atheist, and what that God craved: the loving trust of every man giving himself utterly.

Though we must tread carefully here, we must nevertheless go on now. Surely this is the point where many of us are being held up. Our sincere strivings after God have brought us before to this brink and we have always turned back fearful, mistrusting our whole way.

Yet we have been brought to it again and must always be brought back to it, for death lies at the end for every one of us. Shall we not consider it now, with open eyes and willingly, not, protesting, be dragged blindly?

Our nightly sleep is a constant, dearly welcome preparation, a familiar assurance that we can let go of our selves in safety. And the guiding example of the great Teachers is clear to fortify us. If we are at last willing to follow them now it may be we shall find that, after all, nothing so dreadful is asked of us.

Sri Ramakrishna, like Jesus, required the "death" of our own selves, yet only, like Jesus, that we may rise again in truth. A perennial plant is not destroyed when its dead stalks and foliage are removed, though nothing remain above the surface to show it still lives.

The Prophet Muhammad preached a submission which was a recognition of this truth.

We must be willing then to let go of the familiar self, that our own ignorant inexperience makes us think is all we are. We must learn to do this before our true selves can grow. The "unripe" ego must be removed to give place to the "ripe." We have the solemn word and example of the Teachers for this.

We can also find out from them, now that we are ready to see, how this is to be done. Not by any unnatural form of suicide. Not by denial of life, by escape from its duties and problems; but by simple *self-forgetfulness*, by sheer unselfishness, by being so given up to loving God and genuinely loving man that we have no concern with what may happen to ourselves.

As I write this down, with my mind on others who may share my

bafflement, I see quite suddenly now where I myself have gone wrong. It is clear to me now that I have certainly never loved like this, though I have taken great pride in many acts of self-sacrifice.

The truth is, I see now, that whenever these became too uncomfortable I turned aside for the time from them, when I should have endured and pressed on. Sri Ramakrishna laid great emphasis on this pressing on. Could I really have loved so much if I could give up so easily? Could I have been thinking primarily of anything but my own self throughout, when its first slight pains could thus deter me?

Sri Ramakrishna spoke firmly against these fears for the self:—

> I said to Narendra, "Look here, my boy. God is the Ocean of Bliss. Don't you want to plunge into this Ocean? Suppose there is a cup of syrup and you are a fly. Where will you sit to sip the syrup?" Narendra said, "I will sit on the edge of the cup and stick my head out to drink it." "Why?" said I. "Why should you sit on the edge?" He replied, "If I go far into the syrup, I shall be drowned and lose my life." Then I said to him: "But, my child, there is no such fear in the Ocean of Satchidananda. It is the Ocean of Immortality. By plunging into It a man does not die; he becomes immortal!"

Is not this the crux of my problem and, perhaps, of the problems of many today? All our fears cannot hold off the nuclear bombs if we persist in clinging to the blindness they alone can destroy, though our fearless seeing now may yet ward off this blow.

Suppose all life has been moving purposefully to the point where man in the mass, like countless other phenomena in nature, must take the long-prepared leap now and become something so much more than he has been? May not the mere threat of the horror we abominate be the needed spur to our new life? If God exists at all and the explosive power that flung the stars out is His, He is in perfect control. Their flawless motion now proves that.

We ought to trust Him. We should scrap our own vain plans and look up with awe at His.

What sort of a God is this that I have been seeking, who must abandon his perfect scheme for all, to satisfy my own unformed desires; who can only be reached by the favouritism of special talents, special knowledge, special opportunities? These are His blessed gifts and they must be employed, but surely when they belong to all mankind they can have no true value for me, if I use them for myself or with self-deception feel they are mine to disburse. What God do we seek, who makes the innocent orphan dependent on our charity?

A man's success in this most vital of all enterprises must lie in something else that is the birthright of all men.

What is this most precious thing, that God has given to every man?

Is it the ability, if he choose to employ it, to look out and away from himself?

The simplest savage, when, in terror from the horror of his life, he calls out for protection to a higher just Power, is taught from the beginning to use this faculty. When he looks out on his fellows' needs and insists on such a Mercy for them, this faculty grows, and its use determines his whole life.

What can a man do today, hemmed in on all sides, bed-ridden perhaps or shut in a cell? He cannot march. He cannot serve. He can do nothing at all, it seems. Yet, brought thus face to face with himself and his own apparent powerlessness, he may paradoxically find himself freed at last to uncover the greatest of all power. As the might of an atom was unknown till man looked for it in the least likely place, seemingly beyond all life, so the divinity absorbed into every one from the life-giving breath of God's own being remains a hidden mystery till we are dead to all else.

I have known this truth in theory for many a year. It is only today, when knowledge of my own failure has quite humbled me, that I am allowed at last to know its reality.

I see it now surely, this power in every man; and how, as he forgets himself, it must grow and reveal itself. As he looks out at all men, at their needs not his; as he yearns for a loving God that must be for them, regardless of him; in this highest moral attitude he achieves death to himself. And in this death of his own desires now he lays hold on true life.

When I sought God for myself He seemed a million miles away. When I truly sought Him for all others, I felt Him inward looking out with me.

D. S. MAXTED

SUNNY FARMER

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** is well enough known to our readers by his monthly notes upon that world of literature, art and cultural interchange in which he moves happily. This is a contribution of another kind, a story. It is simple and rich, after the fashion of folktales. Deep is the soil from which such tales spring.—Ed.]

Men say that the *Ashwattha,* the eternal sacred tree, grows with its roots above and its branches below, and the leaves of which are the *Vedas*; he who knows this knows the *Vedas*. . . . When one hath hewn down with the strong axe of dispassion the *Ashwattha* tree with its deeply embedded roots, then that place is to be sought after from which those who there take refuge never more return to rebirth. For it is the Primeval Spirit from which floweth the never-ending stream of conditioned existence.

—*Bhagavad-Gita,* Ch. XV

In a North Panjab village of many spreading trees and a river across the fields, there lived a farmer who brought gladness to every heart. He had a word of good cheer for all who crossed his path. Many knew he talked to animals or birds, who came up to him without a trace of fear, for it was as clear as a day in spring that he knew their language. Some believed he could even talk to trees and plants and, by the touch of his hand, restore many drooping ones to life. As to his age, even the oldest inhabitants had known him and yet no one really knew for certain how many summers or winters he had seen. It did not really seem to matter.

The farmer gave counsel in a way that fitted the person, the problem and the hour. He did not try to find a solution; the right answer just came to the person, like a revelation. Sometimes it was a parable or a fable that helped; at other moments, the truth was laid bare, simply and lovingly, for him to accept. The villagers, ever so close to the soil, found much truth in the flutters or reverberations of nature. Were not the changing fortunes of the seed always at the mercy of torrents and sandstorms? Here the land was tender and green, and just across the path it was stony and barren. Nothing — sun, hail or rain — dismayed the farmer; not even the losses he had borne would rob him of his calm. Always he sang and always a smile lit his face, causing his eyes to sparkle. It was like a ray of sunshine. No wonder the children called him Sunny Farmer. They had given him a dozen other names, but Sunny Farmer seemed to stick.

Sunny Farmer was a friend to every living thing. Great pity he had for the sedentaries of the heart; for he knew that those who barter

nothing of themselves become nothing. Only he who shares his bread and spinach when already he is shrivelling in the sun, or his last crust when famine stalks the village, can do things in the world.

He seemed to know and speak the language of the heart. They responded to him, for he was as gentle as he was stern. Children flocked to his little hut or wherever they thought he would be an hour before the setting of the sun. They came, scampering, whistling, singing to be in time to hear one more tale from Sunny Farmer's inexhaustible fund of stories. Often would he tell fables, old or new, as he squatted bolt upright upon a fallen tree trunk. Scores of children would run a race to see who would reach the perch first. But the farmer was never impressed by who came first or last in the race. So he would always change his seat while he told the story, or sometimes, forming a semi-circle, he would sit in the centre. Once he walked the whole excited bunch to a flowing stream into whose waters he gazed silently for a minute or two before saying a word. He liked the children to be still and all of one mind before he spoke. Words were sacred to the farmer; so he only spoke choice words and never for their own sake.

One day he took some children to the river and unfolded the story of its life-giving waters. One boy, after he had heard the tale, said: "Oh, how I wish I were like this winding river!"

"Why?" said the farmer.

"Because a thousand paper lanterns sail over it on Puja days."

"And I wish I could float on this flowing carpet of flowers, petals and leaves," said a little girl.

It takes everything with it, not only the fragrant things, but the dust and the decaying things too, indeed the living and the dead, ceaselessly on.

When the story was ended, the children scrambled from their seats and ran back to their huts with words of singing farewell to Sunny Farmer, who stood there waving to them as the deep crimson of the setting sun gleamed upon his face.

"Tell us about this village," the children once asked in chorus.

The village, he said, was often blessed with so much golden corn when the season came that its brightness excelled the lustre of diamonds and their usefulness, for it nourished the blood. He told how every acre of land had to be tended, for these long stalks were more precious than ivory in that when eaten with spinach they caused the teeth to shine and the eyes to glisten. What jewel could match these?

A little girl's anklets jingled as she stamped her foot upon the green.

"These keep time with the rise and fall of the plaits of your long and lustrous hair."

"Oh, I wish I had hair like her," said another girl.

"Are you not the potter's daughter?" said the farmer, "who enchants the birds with her song?"

"Yes, I know the birds of the village."

"I can see that."

The farmer was a born teacher. He felt it his bounden duty to quicken whatever is great in man. Thus he knew most children, save the slothful, have some gift to be enriched.

"Oh, how I love to sleep when the sun is out," said a boy.

"Perhaps that is why the sun plays hide-and-seek behind the clouds," the farmer said. The children laughed merrily and the little boy stood crestfallen. The farmer cautioned them to sleep.

"The sun is both gentle and stern," said the farmer. As he spoke these words, the day was drawing to a close. The children were off again; some scrambled, some walked away and a chorus of voices sang their good-byes to the farmer. A jingle of anklets chimed in the distance, and a voice that lulled the birds to sleep.

Came the day of a great festival. The children were told by the village folk that any of their wishes would be granted, for on that day the sun, the moon and the stars who control our fortunes would hold concourse. Wishes spoken in silence and from the bottom of the heart would on that day be fulfilled.

The children put on their colourful costumes and came to the farmer. They ran excitedly through their long list of wishes.

"I would like to be the eagle," said one, "tearing through space!"

"I would sooner be the boy from yonder village who comes in his carriage with twin black steeds faster than any man can run."

"I would like to be the rain," said one girl, "to come in torrents when the earth is dry. I'd love to soothe the wounded earth."

"That's a funny wish," someone said.

"I'd like to be the gold in the rain when the sun streams on every falling drop."

"And I would like to have the strength and wisdom of the elephant!"

"Tell us, Sunny Farmer, do wishes really come true?"

"They do indeed," said the farmer; "you can ask for anything under that hoary Peepul Tree."

"Is that a magic tree?" asked the children in chorus.

"It is not a magic tree. It is as old as the village and is sacred. It grants all wishes."

"You mean that spreading tree under which many farmers sit and eat their midday meal?"

"The very same," said the farmer. "And if you make your wish in silence, and keep it to yourself, your wish, whatever it is, will come true. One can make a wrong wish, too. One often does."

"We shall all make our wishes," screamed the children as they made off for the great tree. They had all seen it a hundred times. Some had bent its leaves for pipes, others had snapped its branches. Many had run up the tree to see the birds in their nests. No one knew, not even the older people of the village, that it was a Wishing Tree. The children had all gone very silent and awed. They went round the tree a dozen times, wondering where to stand and make their wish. Each one chose a place away from the rest. They all made their wishes. One boy just stood there and went on looking into the distance. Soon darkness had set in. One by one the children left the tree. The boy remained. Long he stood there, dazed at first, then utterly happy. He felt in his pocket, took out his flute and played. The music of the flute could be heard late into the night. Tired, he fell asleep.

That night was over and many moons had come and gone. Time passed on. Everyone had forgotten the wishes they had made. But the Peepul Tree caught every one of their wishes — even the faintest whisper — into its leaves and branches. It would not tell which wish was good or bad or sane or proper. It would fulfil each and every one of them.

Many summers went by and many winters were wasted and the children had become men and women. They went their several ways in their differing occupations; some took to towns, others went off to far-off countries. But the Wishing Game had begun. The Peepul Tree set every one of these children on an unending chain of wishes. They were all caught in the web, tangled and woven like its tortuous roots, into wishing one thing and then another. They could never have enough. At first they asked for trifles: little bracelets, a pony or something magical — the gift of wonder such as being the yellow or orange rainbow. But then — and here the Peepul Tree spread its wizardry, not because it wanted to, but because the wishing game could not be stopped — they asked for power, prestige, possessions. And they also kept on changing their wishes. What they wished today they had no use for tomorrow. But they

could do nothing to change all that, for the flame of wishing had been lit and the fire grew and raged like a furnace. This is what happened after the first tiny spark, the first simple child's wish had been made. No one really thought there was anything strange in wishing. Indeed, they were told it was quite natural. Only cabbages did not wish, or pumpkins. Those who did not wish at all were not much use in the world . . . they would stagnate. After all, did not one have to make good, to go ahead? They were not content with their lot. As the people who mattered always said: you must want more of this and more of that.

But it does not cost to wish.

Long ago, they had made their wishes under the Peepul Tree. All except one boy, Gopal. He did not join the wishing game, but played the flute instead. That evening, when everyone had left, he stood beneath the Peepul Tree, whose branches swayed like the ocean's billows in the breeze. At first he stood still and then slowly brought his flute to his lips. Soon he found himself swaying with the branches and being carried away across the distance. The music of his flute struck a chord in every root that grew in the soil. And then everything was still. The boy's pipe drooped in his fingers and the tree loomed large before his eyes. It stood there, tall, majestic and mighty, revealing to him its own true nature. No longer was it the Peepul Tree beneath whose shade people took shelter. Gone was the sacred Tree of Wishes. Instead, it was the *Ashwattha,* the great Tree of Life whose roots hold the world together. It was the tree that was always there, with its branches reaching the stars, the tree without beginning and without end. This little secret, suddenly revealed to the child, was kept hidden. He kept it locked in his heart as a child, he cherished it as a grown man, and it remained with him to the very end. He never squandered his breath in wishing this or that thing. He just was in all things. For the little boy who played his flute was so enraptured with the loveliness of the scene, the hugeness and mightiness of the tree, the tenderness of the leaves, the sweet-scentedness of the breeze, that he felt he was part of every twig and branch. What should he wish, and why? How could he wish, when, or so it seemed to him, his wishes were granted there and then in the miracle of the wonder and beauty of the world before him? He had forgotten to wish.

Going his darkling ways, he could discern his prayer rising above the odours of nightfall, wherein all things are ripening and taking form, in silence, slowly, secretly, almost unawares.

One day some young people saw Gopal, now grown to man's estate. He reminded them of someone they had known. They greeted him. He returned their salutation with a glow upon his face. Something came back to them. Where had they seen that smile before? Then they knew: it was the smile they had known well, the smile of Sunny Farmer.

BALDOON DHINGRA

"I ACCEPT the universe," is reported to have been a favourite utterance of Margaret Fuller; and when someone repeated this phrase to Thomas Carlyle, his sardonic comment is said to have been: "Gad! she'd better!" At bottom the whole concern of both morality and religion is with the manner of our acceptance of the universe. Do we accept it only in part and grudgingly, or heartily and altogether? Shall our protests against certain things in it be radical and unforgiving, or shall we think that, even with evil, there are ways of living that must lead to good? If we accept the whole, shall we do so as if stunned into submission — as Carlyle would have us — "Gad! we'd better!" — or shall we do so with enthusiastic assent? Morality pure and simple accepts the law of the whole which it finds reigning, so far as to acknowledge and obey it, but, it may obey it with the heaviest and coldest heart, and never cease to feel it as a yoke. But for religion, in its strong and fully developed manifestations, the service of the highest never is felt as a yoke. Dull submission is left far behind, and a mood of welcome, which may fill any place on the scale between cheerful serenity and enthusiastic gladness, has taken its place.

—WILLIAM JAMES

VALUE, APPRECIATION AND MEMORY

[The first part of **Mr. Kenneth Dutfield's** very suggestive article appeared in our March issue; below we print the second and concluding part.—Ed.]

II

In wartime, when our capacity for seeing only what we want to see becomes hypertrophied, we select for our picture of the enemy all his bad qualities. These, we say, are typical of him. A part of the truth becomes the whole truth. We are blind to his good qualities. In our own case, we do just the opposite: relevant are only our good qualities, and entirely beside the point our bad ones. In each case, man ceases to be man.

Envy, in which we overlook our present advantages and wish we had those of someone else (who for his part often overlooks his and wishes he had ours) is an allied attitude. Thus we pursue wealth in the illusion that it can bring us happiness; the poor man has at least one substantial advantage over the rich man, in that the latter can no longer find comfort in this illusion. Things can never be possessed in a pure form; when the desire is realized, they are always found to be mixed with alien elements, which disturb the ideal forms.

Aldous Huxley has written of the delights of sexual love as they can be ideally experienced (perhaps we can use the cliché "platonic" in this sense without doing violence to Plato's spirit) in erotic literature, and concludes that living experience always falls sadly short of its poetic treatment. Today, at any rate as far as the visual ideal image is concerned, we enjoy, thanks to photography, hitherto undreamed-of opportunities for taking refuge in an ideal vision, free from the blemishes of physical reality. Those defenders of modern abstract art who argue that photography has made reproductive art superfluous are right to some extent: formerly the rare eye of genius alone could pluck the delicate flowers of truth; now, a lucky chance, or careful cutting and selection from very large numbers of pictures, can perpetuate a fleeting moment. Sometimes, the result is just as happy, especially where portraiture is concerned, for woman's beauty fluctuates enormously in quality and degree; presumably only goddesses are constantly and invariably lovely. In the event, our fondness for selective idealization is encouraged once more: we choose the best of many photographs and label it "good," typical, representative, and the rest is scrapped. But are they less true? Do they not also form parts of the whole truth? And does not the real inferiority of photography to great art lie in the fact

that the camera cannot observe the living steadily, searchingly, inwardly, reflectively, over a long period of time, and concentrate it, synthesizing the play of changes miraculously in the portrait's changelessness? In the photograph, the flashing stream is frozen. True, the cinema sometimes succeeds where the still photograph fails, and the fascination the cinema has for us lies precisely in its capacity for following the flux of time.

In love, we experience in the now what we otherwise merely remember, dream of or anticipate. The world is transformed for us, and we are indifferent to the outsiders, even to those simple souls who find beauty-queens always the most irresistible and desirable of women, and who wonder therefore what on earth we can see in our beloved. Lovers are blind to what they do not want to see. Faults and shortcomings vanish, or become in themselves aspects of beauty. There are perhaps absolute standards of feminine beauty, though they are so intricately bound up with the non-physical attributes of grace, charm and personality that they are extremely difficult to define, and so it is not indisputable that the blindest of lovers, infatuated — as we, dispassionately observing him, say — with an apparently commonplace girl, in fact sees her as she really is, finding a beauty in her which is there all the time, and which we as disinterested onlookers are blind to. Moreover, to love and to be loved can make a plain woman beautiful; to an astonishing, marvellous extent it can endow her with grace and charm even where physical beauty according to the generally accepted norms is lacking. On the other hand, the perfection of physical beauty seems insipid, superficial, soulless to us and leaves us cold if its possessor cannot strike a responsive chord in us. And this again seems to suggest that those qualities in the world which warm our hearts are always present in the world, and that it merely depends on our attitude towards them whether we enjoy them. Love awakens, revivifies and embellishes that which was dormant, lifeless, not yet beautiful. It can bring grace, conjure charm into being. But were they non-existent before? Were they indwelling? Or are they present in the loved one only as slumbering potentialities which love can realize, or as a musical score which love can play? One is forced to ask the questions, for the matter is much more subtle than it at first appeared to be. In a state of grace, I find the world transformed; where I had once found myself surrounded by sullen, morose, ugly, unhappy people, I now see only the blessed. Am I blind to the others? Have they ceased to exist? Have I wonderfully changed them? Do they still exist for the others, less blessed than I am? Or has

the world been absolutely transformed? There are men and women of whom we say that the world would be a paradise if it were peopled by their likes. There is an innocent goodness, more often found in women than in men, which seems to be of almost unmixed purity; its source, like the source of human freedom, seems to lie beyond phenomena and yet to have the power to mould phenomena into its true likeness. Is this beauty, too, the obverse of a necessary evil? Or is it new, uncaused, not a reaction but something given?

The question of questions is whether the spirit of delight can be conjured up by an act of will, or rendered permanent by a technique. Must we always, like Chesterton's Innocent Smith, first travel around the world to see our home as we ought to see it, bathed in the golden twilight of a dream? Can we see the world today as we remember it once was?

The kingdom of heaven must be a condition of memorylessness, an eternal beginning eternally renewing itself from out of itself, not trailing or contaminated by any past with which it could be compared. There are some dreams — they grow rarer, unfortunately, as we grow older — which are perhaps foretastes of paradise.

We speak glibly of past, present, future. But the present, it seems, is a dimensionless point, or a line without thickness, the boundary or plane of junction between two infinities. The present's moment of awareness, the point of consciousness, can be reduced to practical non-existence, but that is not our experience. There is neither past nor present except as a consequence of consciousness, and consciousness does not dam the current of an objectively flowing time, separating past and future, but navigates, floats on or swims in it. The moment is a living light afloat on the dark river. The farther the point of present awareness advances into the future, carrying with it our sensuous experience to live on as memory, the more diffused its colours become, the softer its voices. During a certain period of time, the recent past, the remembered experience is vivid; the more distant past fades as it recedes, becomes vague, loses its outlines. We set to work on it and idealize it, gladly remembering what was pleasant; willingly banishing to oblivion what was unpleasant. Neither winters nor summers, nor the flavour of food or wine, nor the personalities of our fellow men, are ever what they were. Memory brings about an imagined steady deterioration, due in fact to our idealization of the past. The shadowy scenes arise again, paradoxically, in a new light: the past becomes enthrallingly romantic. Therein lies the fascination of the study of history: the world is not a stage, but

it becomes one, in which mighty symbolic figures, impelled by a deep-rooted awareness of the cosmic importance and grandeur of their actions, pose, gesture and declaim, pronounce in deathless phrases the fates of empires, or as fools or villains (but none the less tragic and noble, quite as remote from banality as the heroes are) suffer their well-deserved downfall. Fundamentally our view of our past is modelled on similar lines: today, we are too much distracted by everyday cares to be able to lose ourselves in our rôles, but we like to remember our past selves when we in holy simplicity many years ago renounced or won a longed-for prize. How much destiny there was in either case — in our own history or in that of the world — is a problem we cannot solve. Neither Spengler nor Toynbee has succeeded in proving that there is a clearly knowable sense in history: they both contradict Schopenhauer, who held that if there is destiny at all, it plays a rôle only in the individual's life (*Ueber die anscheinende Absichtlichkeit im Schicksal des Einzelnen*). In recollection, we sometimes feel that if we have any freedom at all it is limited to the present (we can of course change neither the past nor the future) and that our actions in the past were determined by an inexorable fate. But this inexorable fate was in all probability the development of irrevocable decisions made at certain turning-points, which remain vividly in our memory, because they stand out in sharp relief against the background of the banal everyday. But *which* decisions were the irrevocable turning-points is usually something of which we become aware only in retrospect.

We tend to adopt a naïve and unreflecting attitude towards the question of what happiness actually is, to forget that it cannot support itself, but feeds on its opposite. Unless unhappiness is there to be overcome, unless there is a challenge to be met, all the prerequisites for bliss fail to have any effect but a perpetuation of monotony. That we complain of monotony as if it were inherent in things, failing to see that we ourselves put it into the things, hardly affects the truth of this statement. Monotony is there in things as if it indwelt in them, and it is overcome by the sudden appearance in them of an interest they previously lacked. The polarity is thus less one of happiness-unhappiness, than of monotony-interest, or custom-novelty. Against the background of monotony, great sorrows and great joys have their mutual affinity revealed. That the world constantly nags at us is something which causes us much more suffering than the great blows of fate, for these strangely dissipate anguish, have a chastening effect. Why? Because they occur in a plane where extremes meet, where the fundamental con-

flict is resolved. The measure of the greatest art, music, poetry, is their capacity — for they also have arisen in this plane — for awakening in us this awareness of something transcending both joy and sorrow.

KENNETH T. DUTFIELD

THE EMERGENCE OF THE UNITED MAN

AN ARTICLE in the *International Philosophical Quarterly*, December 1961, "The World-Vision of Teilhard de Chardin," is of unusual interest. Here we have an account of a modern thinker — he is a palæontologist, a philosopher and a theologian — reviewing the whole course of universal history and visualizing the future course of development.

Teilhard

> observes man in the totality of his world, subject to the dimensions of time and space; he sees him against the backdrop of the universe in a perspective stretching from the atom to the limits of interstellar space.

His important conclusion after a survey of prehistory is that

> the history of life reveals a progressive ascent of living being towards more complexity, towards greater unity and towards increasing independence of the environment.

One important reflection is that

> there is no such thing as inert matter; but all matter is capable of life and life is only a higher unity into which matter can enter.

Three phases of evolution are traceable — divergence of different species of monocellular beings, convergence of colonies of cells and emergence of the multicellular organism. Humanity has passed through the stages of divergence and convergence; the next question concerns emergence:—

> Though the emergence of humanity in a new and superior state belongs to the unknown future, still we can discern the lines of force pointing to the future.... Not only has man to decide for himself as an individual, but he must answer for the whole of humanity and for the entire universe.... It is up to him whether or not the flowering of the universe will result in an expansion of life or a miscarriage.

What stands out in his analysis is the clear and inescapable necessity of a spiritual centre of gravity. Humanity requires a centre of unification, a focal point for evolution:—

> So we must at one and the same time broaden the immanent focus of evolution to include the infinite dimension of the universe and centre it on the dimensionless point of an infinite person.

D. GURUMURTI

THE ARTIST AND HIS RESPONSIBILITIES

[We are glad to welcome **Professor S. K. Prasad** to our pages. After a fine career as a student of English literature at the University of Patna, he returned to it as a teacher, and for over twenty years now has been one. At present he is Assistant Professor of English at the Patna College, Patna, Bihar. He has been profoundly influenced by Sri Aurobindo and regards himself as a disciple. He is engaged at present on a D.Litt. thesis on "The Poetic Criticism of Sri Aurobindo."

His thoughtful essay may be said to take its departure from the Shelleyan insight that the poet is the unacknowledged legislator of the world. It pursues a complex train of reasoning with admirable balance in emphasis on various elements. It respects the artist's integrity, honours society's claims to filial duty, and does not forget the sovereign universals that govern art irrespective of time, place and social context. The artist of his conception is neither wayward bohemian nor submissive tool; he has both individual integrity and hieratic grandeur: his art "lives both in and out of history and geography."—Ed.]

It is self-evident that like any other human being the artist is both an individual and a member of some community or society. He is also the most conscious, the most sensitive and responsive focal point of a society; he is its true *élite*. If that is so, then one cannot help arguing that in a society it is the artist who of all others must be expected to discharge his responsibilities with the greatest care and integrity. It is really he who without wearing any crown upon his head or holding a sceptre in his hand or being voted to power comes to exercise a high authority and play a responsible rôle in society. Indeed, much of the direction and regulation of the inner life, the heart and spirit, nay, the very destiny, of both the individual and the collectivity lies in his hands. It is, then, evident that if such a person becomes indifferent and self-complacent or selfishly degenerate and purely commercial in his motives and dealings, he becomes a source of danger not only to himself and his art but also to the community or society as a whole, though he might enjoy both popularity and reputation for the time being or even during his lifetime. The position of the artist thus carries both responsibilities and grave risks as well as rich possibilities.

Yet art cannot be, and certainly is not, merely "social," in the sense in which we ordinarily understand this term, though it is not something purely personal and individual either. When a work of art is born and

sent out into the world to take its chance, like a philosophical or scientific truth released to the world, it becomes the property of all and neither the creator nor its publisher, advertiser or reviewer, not even the particular society as a whole which directly or indirectly was at the back of it, can lay an exclusive claim to it. For it ceases to be the monopoly of anybody in particular, though legally, of course, it may be subject to copyright and other laws obtaining in the land of its birth. Once you create and communicate a work of art, it belongs to all mankind and may be regarded as the property of everyman.

Such being the case, to talk of the artist's "social responsibilities" with the emphasis on the word "social," as we usually understand it, would really be to take a narrow view of both the work of art and the artist. The most that can be said about the artist's social obligations is that he cannot altogether afford to ignore the contemporary social needs, urges and demands of the community of which he is a member. But he has to consider, no less, his own individual seekings and aspirations as well as the general laws and conditions, the actual principles of beauty and truth, for example, under which a work of art operates and produces its effect. Art is really a living but fairly complex and dynamic activity, and an artist must have an adequate understanding of the laws and conditions under which it operates and grows and flourishes, and also changes its significance and value in time and space; otherwise, the artist is likely to run after his own whims and idiosyncrasies or after strange gods and find himself cut off not only from the general traditions of the various arts which have come down to us through the ages but also the particular forms and qualities which each branch of art comes to evolve in course of time. Of course, it is quite legitimate to make new experiments, if one feels so inclined, and attempt, for example, the musicalization of fiction and fictionalization of music, the pictorialization of poetry and the poetization of painting. A mixing of the different forms and techniques, or of the *genres,* has always been one of the delightful adventures of the artistic mind and is in itself perfectly valid at all times. Still, it is always prudent, if one aspires to be an artist, to know the specialities and distinctive features and laws of the different branches of art and learn with patience the precise demands and techniques of the particular art-form one has chosen.

Nevertheless, in order that this evolving organism of art (whatever the form chosen) should receive at the artist's hands a fresh impetus or a new direction in its many-sided growth, or profit by a distinctive pattern in which he has been able to conceive it at a particular moment of his

awareness, it is necessary that he should have evolved within himself a personality and individuality, a vision and a faith and a certitude of his own. Yes, art should be both for its own sake and for the artist's sake, but this can only happen harmoniously and enduringly, giving pleasure and satisfaction as well as sustenance and health to the maximum number, when one's little, limited personality becomes large and subtle enough to embrace and imbibe the ever-living universal and eternal principles as well as the periodically changing values and standards, both of which are at work behind every artistic creation.

Only thus can the apparently antagonistic theories of "art for art's sake" and "art for my sake" be reconciled. And yet even this cannot be the end of the story; for around both the self of the artist and the self-evolving organism of what we call "art" there is the distinct presence of what is known as "society." Whether the artist is deliberately conscious of this presence or not, it exerts its own influence, even something like a pressure, upon him and his creation. No artist can really ignore altogether the society he belongs to. Even if he is a dreamer of dreams which have hardly any social significance or even material reality for others, he is doing so against a certain social background. He may like to "arise and go now" to some ideal world of his making and clearly betray a desire to escape as completely as possible from the society that exists around him at the moment. But how can it be ignored that it is the social reality around him which has produced the reactions of disgust and escapism within him? Indeed his escapism may be itself one of the ways of building a new society for himself and for people of his way of thinking and feeling; to this end may serve his releasing and creatively organizing his dreams through his art. And it is possible that what are the dreams of an artist today may become after a few decades, or centuries, the increasingly settled social reality for the artist who is to be born tomorrow, perhaps producing in him once more the reactions of dissatisfaction with, and escapism from, the material reality obtaining around him at the moment and a fresh desire to dream new dreams for himself and the coming humanity or society.

It is in this way, more or less, that the artist, his work of art, and the social world to which both belong have been developing all these centuries, through the mechanism of an open clash and conflict or close mutual collaboration or a patchy, temporary, make-shift compromise. At any rate, it is out of some such trinity of forces and factors — artist, art and society — that the world of art is made. And it has ever been a moving and changing world, creating changes, sometimes colossal and

epoch-making, not only in its own values but also the values and standards of man's life and thought.

It is, thus, with no intention of making any hair-splitting distinction that we are here trying to emphasize the inevitable presence of society behind every work of art, whether apparently social or not, in the same breath as we seek to point to the futility of narrowing a work of art to any particular society or even the particular person who happens to be its physical creator at the moment. It cannot be, as we have hinted before, anybody's exclusive monopoly or property; hence today or tomorrow it is bound to outreach any particular individual's or country's exclusive claims and rights. Even the so-called bad or vulgar or commercially motivated work of art has this advantageous mobility. Neither political nor moral power can ultimately check its circulation in the world at large. For the one important and fundamental truth about all art is that it is something global and human, and not merely national or continental, in its appeal and sphere of influence. It lives both in and out of history and geography. And if "social" is a word which we must use of it, it can only be the general human society to which it ultimately belongs.

In consequence, the so-called "social responsibilities" of the artist can only be ultimately resolved into the general, universal human responsibilities and obligations. For the time being it may serve, if its creator has so designed it, the ends of any particular social or political group or party and its programme. But if it has any real artistic substance and worth in it and does not merely nurse a blatant social and political "palpable design" (such as Keats was repelled by), it is sure to outwit the intentions of the social and political propagandist and escape from the prison-house of any time-and-fashion-bound creed or dogma.

This is possible, however, only when the artist concerned is genuinely, sensitively and constructively interested in the deeper urges, aspirations and demands of the social community he has been born and bred in. Or he may be inflamed with the impulse of creativity by the deadly presence of a lack of true social awareness in his own society, by apathy, cynicism and despair or naked ego-antics pirouetting around him. If so, the artist will find it particularly profitable to go deep into his own spiritual self — "spiritual" not in its loose, lazy connotation of something having to do with a religion or a fixed code of belief and conduct. This will mean for him the hard, Promethean task of finding and tending the hidden but immense creative fires of his truer and larger self.

The more he comes to discover and patiently understand this larger self and its inner law of existence and manifestation, the more will he be able to realize that his spiritual self is co-existent, nay profoundly and indissolubly identical, with the equally true and abiding self of the physical and psychological society to which he belongs. He will perceive, further, that these two deeper selves, the individual and the collective, are, together as well as separately, but the twin manifestations of one cosmic and even transcendental Self. Such a patiently exploring and increasingly spiritually conscious and developed artist begins to realize more and more that he, the individual human being, the fugitive and fragmentary representative of a vast physical and social collective reality, and the universal cosmic personality of all times are all One Integral Being and Reality; and that the art which he produces through so many different artistic forms and styles under the impact of particular social and cultural traditions and backgrounds, is, in fact, an art meant for all mankind, because it is ultimately born of one, integral human-spiritual reality and not this or that physical individual, society, race or nationality. This is the great truth which begins to unfold itself before his expanding vision and imagination with an increasingly intense power and beauty. And it is then that he is able to discharge his ultimate responsibilities best, whether these appertain to himself, the single individual, or to the work of art which yearns to be born through him, or to the society which maintains and moulds both as well as presses for its own distinct self-expression and self-evolution through both.

S. K. PRASAD

I but open my eyes — and perfection, no more and no less,
In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me, and God is seen God
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod.

—ROBERT BROWNING

GREECE AND THE ISLANDS

[**Mr. F. Seymour Smith** is a qualified librarian and bibliographer, living in London, where for thirteen years he was Chief Librarian of a small group of public libraries. Since 1950, when he accepted an invitation to join the firm of W. H. Smith and Son, booksellers and newsagents, he has acted as editorial-bibliographer for their export and home trade. Many of his subject bibliographies have been sent, on request, to booksellers and book collectors in India and many other countries. He is the author of some popular guides to English literature, of a volume called *The Classics in Translation,* and of a bibliography of "Know How Books."

In this vivid article he conveys something of the very atmosphere of Greece and tells us of some fine books on the subject.—ED.]

ACADEMIC CONFLICT between the classical and the romantic ideal is resolved in Greece. At first thought, it may seem ironic that the most glowing response to our Hellenic heritage in poetry and prose came from the "romantic" English and German poets. But on reflection one comes to understand the singular appeal that "the glory that was Greece" had for creative artists of the nineteenth century. For them, as for succeeding generations of philhellenes, Greece was an emotive word as well as a national place name.

From Byron and Shelley, Goethe and Hölderlin, to Giraudoux and Robert Graves, there stretches a line of literature inspired by the legends and the literature of ancient Greece and by the civilization centred in Athens during the centuries of its flowering and greatest glory.

Archæological discoveries from the time of Heinrich Schliemann, who in 1876 uncovered the site of Mycenæ, and Sir Arthur Evans, to whom the world owes so much for his excavations of the Palace of Minos at Knossos in Crete, have extended our appreciation of the civilizations of the Eastern Mediterranean from the Ionian Sea to the Ægean, the Sea of Candia and the Dodecanese, backward in time to the legendary era of Theseus and Ariadne, the Homeric world of Agamemnon, and the Achæan civilization.

If the achievements of the relatively short Golden Age of Athens inspired English and German poets, it is probably our current knowledge of the whole of the Greek story, going back four thousand years, that draws so many travellers, as a magnet, year after year, to the land of Greece as it is today.

A sojourn in Greece and the islands is a search for the past, to make a living background to our reading and our ever-growing wonder at

what Greece has meant to the world from the Renaissance onwards.

The terms "Greek" and "the land of Greece" would have meant little or nothing to an Athenian of the time of Plato. Only after the Romans had conquered and ruled the Greek world, thereby enriching their own culture almost immeasurably, did the words generally take on something approximating to their modern meanings. To Matthew Arnold the Renaissance was "an up-rising and re-instatement of man's intellectual impulses and of Hellenism." And it is perhaps as Hellenists that contemporary philhellenes travel to Athens today. Visiting Greece for the first time one sees it as the symbol of the culture that is the foundation of Western philosophy, art and way of life. The imposing array of those little green volumes that make up the Greek section in the Loeb Library is astonishing in variety, profound in its permanence and without parallel in the world's literature. Significant, too, is the fact that we owe the Loeb Library to the generosity of an American millionaire: the wealth of the New World has helped the twentieth century to appreciate and to learn from the wisdom and thought of the ancient world.

It is perhaps only in times of peril and crisis that we realize the magnitude of our debt to the great Greeks. Spiritual nourishment as well as solace is to be found in volume after volume as we take them down from the shelves.

Few writers have expressed this so cogently as Sir Richard Livingstone in his brilliant introduction to the selection in translation from *The History of the Peloponnesian War,* by Thucydides, that forms a volume in the "World's Classics," published by Oxford University Press. What better description of the meaning of the term "a democratic state" is there than that offered to the Athenians by Pericles in his funeral speech, perhaps, as Sir Richard implies, "in its line . . . the greatest speech in literature"?

> The gates of our city are flung open to the world. We practise no periodical deportations, nor do we prevent our visitors from observing or discovering what an enemy might usefully apply to his own purposes. . . .[1]

There is no country in Europe, except Italy, that requires more "background reading" for the full enjoyment of a visit than Greece. And, quite apart from the great classics of Greek literature, there are now so many good books to choose from that the traveller is able to select from a wide coverage. My own introduction came from a truly

[1] From Sir Alfred Zimmern's rendering in "World's Classics," No. 494.

delightful survey entitled *Portrait of Greece* by Lord Kinross (Max Parrish, 1956). Here we have a most readable sketch of Greek history, with vivid pages describing the unique "lucid, liquid clarity" that "the light of the Eastern Mediterranean pours down" on this mountainous land. Lord Kinross writes for the average traveller, and his volume is one to be read before a visit and re-read at home. Further, the beautiful colour photographs by Dimitri embellish this quarto in a style that recalls sharply the thrill of discovery and first sighting after one has reluctantly said farewell to Greek friends and landscape.

Nearly all tours start and end at Athens. And it is fitting that this should be so; fitting too, that Lord Kinross's book should have as its coloured frontispiece a superb photograph of the Parthenon, still, he says, "after two thousand years, the noblest work of art created by the hand of man."

What Athens and its civilization meant to the Greek world and thus has meant to succeeding ages from the Roman Empire to now is discussed in a brilliant book by Sir Maurice Bowra, Warden of Wadham College, Oxford. It is pleasing to hear this book recommended by educated Greek guides when they conduct parties of tourists to the Acropolis. Such visits are usually made in the early morning or late evening, because of the great heat and the lack of shade on that famous hill. Both periods have their moments of magic, when one's fancy again peoples the ruins with Athenians of the golden age. It is not without awe that one walks where Socrates and Plato, Æschylus, Euripides and Aristophanes walked.

Bowra's *The Greek Experience* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1957) is a great scholar's book, to be enjoyed not only by students but also by general readers. The learned author surveys the whole Hellenic era from the Homeric age to 404 B.C. He writes of people "who gave to mankind its most imaginative myths," and who now "have themselves become almost mythical." He presents the ancient Greeks in all their "Olympian isolation fraught with mystery and splendours beyond the common lot of peoples." But it is one of the great merits of his book that he explains to us what the Greeks really were; shows us how they appeared each to the other. When he emphasizes "that art and philosophy cannot be fully understood apart from the conditions which create them," he surely has every educated reader on his side. And by this early statement he underlines the special attraction of his book for readers who have not devoted years of study to the subject. This remarkable volume, therefore, is for many visitors to Greece the most essential background

reading, enabling even the hurried traveller to take in the meaning of much that he will see under guidance, and to fall even more swiftly under the spell of such sites as Agamemnon's Tomb at Mycenæ, the marble metopes from the temple of Zeus at Olympia, the ruins and the groves there, and above all, such places of magic and charm as Delphi. Few can visit this celebrated shrine of Apollo without being deeply moved by its magnificent mountain setting, and the sense of quiet, remote sacredness that pervades its precincts. Here, at the centre of the world, the oracle gave her strangely worded prophetic utterances. No oracle speaks now to help a troubled ruler or statesman, but eagles still circle above the mountains, across the olive woods of the valleys; and the almost indescribable blue-toned vistas remind the visitor that here little has changed since the days when the Greeks believed that Zeus himself had used the eagles to discover where exactly the centre of his universe lay.

For nearly all visitors, Delphi and the Athenian Acropolis are the two greatest experiences of a Greek tour. But those who do not leave the mainland miss much. Corfu, for example, is one of the most beautiful of all the Greek islands. True, it is not visited for its antiquities, but nowhere else in Greece is there such verdant loveliness. The coastline is truly magnificent, especially on the south-east and the west sides. Such villages as Paleokastritsa, where the Club Mediterranée once founded a *bébé* village of straw huts or *cases,* are amongst the most charming and lovely in the whole of the Adriatic seaboard. This is a place to idle and daydream in until time becomes an unreal concept; here the underwater swimmer dives into blue, calm seas, to live for a while with strangely beautiful fish and to bring up for study some of the wonderful sea plants and living organisms with which this littoral abounds.

In Corfu, too, one is reminded of the modern history of Greece rather than the ancient. Some of the grace of its Venetian days and of its period under British government during the Regency still remains in the capital, and there are few better pleasures than those offered by leisurely walks and gossipy cafés in this quiet, spacious city port.

Here the peasants, often described by their more lively compatriots on the mainland as inclined to be lazy, are in fact delightful, easy-going and courteous companions. They live on very small incomes; their livelihood from small hillside farms and olive groves is on a very modest scale by current standards — they seldom are able to afford meat or such luxuries as cigarettes and wine; yet they retain a proud

reserve, mingled with a courtesy that is now, alas! referred to in many other parts of Europe as "old-world" or "old-fashioned."

One instance of this comes to mind. It was a hot afternoon, and the writer, with police permission, had climbed the highest mountain in the island. On the descent the way was confusing, for hillside streams were dry and one track looked very much like another in the white glare of the sun. But halfway down a steep slope the writer was aware that he was being watched by a young girl. It later appeared that her father and mother had sensed the climber's confusion, and had sent the girl to a point where she would be able to meet him. This she did, and beckoning in the curious Greek fashion, by waving as if she were saying goodbye, she led the traveller, hot, tired, dusty, thirsty and hungry, to a small cottage. There he was received like a monarch; seated on the best, the only, chair, while the family, now assembled to greet the stranger, from grandma to son and daughter, seated themselves on the bed. Soon the father brought goat's cheese and water, a small cup of coffee and black olives with bread. One suspected that this was the daily and regular diet of all who worked on this small farm.

Refreshed, the traveller tried to make himself understood, but merely succeeded in emphasizing that he certainly was not an Italian (for the Corfiotes have memories, and certainly have nothing to thank either Germans or Italians for) but was an Englishman, "out in the noonday sun." This he did by uttering the magic word "Churchill." All smiles, the family rose to say goodbye, each member shaking hands in a dignified but affectionate manner. With some diffidence, the traveller offered cigarettes, but was met with a firm refusal, although he noticed a gleam of regret in the young son's eyes. So, with pardonable subterfuge, he managed to slide a carton of twenty under the tablecloth, and left to go on his way, pointed out for him by all. One just had to follow the dried-up bed of the river, and this would surely end by the sea, near a tiny bay, where wine and further food could be had at a seaside *taverna,* and where a caique would take one back to Ipsos.

Scarcely had he walked out of sight and farewell handwaving (this time, in the curious Greek fashion, taking the reverse form of beckoning, as if calling him back), when he was hailed by the little girl, who came running towards him, packet of precious cigarettes in hand. She explained by mime that they had been inadvertently left on the table. But this time the traveller was firm, and not only pressed back the packet into the girl's hands but put with it the largest note he could find in his pocket book (about 50 drachmas). The girl's eyes gleamed

with joy, and she ran off excitedly clutching both money and cigarettes.

It may be true, as Jasper More declares in his excellent survey of the whole of the Mediterranean coast, *The Mediterranean* (Batsford, 1956), that "it is unfair to any country to make a first call at a place so beautiful as Corfu," but so unforgettable are some of the other islands of Greece that one ceases to assess their merits comparatively. In the Ægean Sea, for example, are most lovely islands where time stands still. Here, as in Delos and Mykonos, natural beauty may not be so rich, verdant and varied as in Corfu, but the antiquities, fitting into the white, calm background of small towns and villages, have their own magic and unique charm. One departs from their shores with regret, hoping to return some day, and to find the ageless pelican, answering to the name of Pierre, still playing about with the lazing fisherman on the beach at Mykonos. Delos, the island of Apollo, is desolated by contrast, but there the antiquities are so profoundly interesting that one scarcely notices the absence of hotels and *tavernas*. There are hundreds of islands in the Greek seas, but alas! a single lifetime is not long enough to explore them all. Nevertheless, so rich is Greece in wonder and charm that, for one traveller at least, a month in that country yields more than two in any other European land.

Last year, enticed and interested by Vincent Cronin's delightfully written *The Golden Honeycomb: A Study in Sicily* (Hart-Davis, 1954), the writer spent some weeks in that legendary island, only to find himself once again in search of Greece exploring the Græco-Roman antiquities in the beautiful city of Syracuse, the scene of the greatest disaster of Athenian history and the cause of the twilight of the Hellenic gods.

F. Seymour Smith

. . . for me
Life's morning radiance hath not left the hills,
Her dew is on the flowers.

—Wordsworth

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

"THE BASIC WRITINGS OF BERTRAND RUSSELL"*

LORD RUSSELL's has been a rich and full life. Born an aristocrat, he happens to be one of the most energetic champions of democratic values. Gifted as he is with an astonishingly fertile mind, his interests have ranged from the technical issues of mathematical philosophy and symbolic logic to the problems of sex and marriage, education and peace. He is a writer with literary grace and a thinker who can make himself intelligible even to men who rarely think. In recent times the potentialities of nuclear warfare have made him seriously concerned with the future of our race and have led him even to court arrest to make his voice effective in the world.

The selection of the editors covers the period between 1903 and 1959. It is not confined to any specific field of inquiry but extends to almost all the disciplines of human knowledge in which Lord Russell has been interested. We find in this excellent selection pieces ranging from his writing on professional philosophy and the philosophy of mathematics to controversial issues of social life. We may here read and re-read his famous essay on "A Free Man's Worship" or his more recent one on "The Expanding Mental Universe"; take delight in his "Outline of Intellectual Rubbish" or "The Metaphysician's Nightmare"; and pause for solemn reflection on what he wrote in his open letter to Khrushchev and Eisenhower.

What strikes one most is his sincerity. As a philosopher he hates dogmatism and contends that occasional changes in the views of a philosopher do not deserve any adverse comments but reflect the growth of knowledge and indicate that his mind continues to work. There is no denying the fact he has exercised a tremendous influence on more than one generation and most of those who differ from him on all crucial issues will not hesitate to acknowledge the impetus that they have received from him in the formation of their thought.

This selection dispels two great misunderstandings about philosophy and philosophers. First, philosophy need not be obscure and repellent in expression and style. Second, philosophers need not be visionaries and dreamers with little concern for the future of their fellow beings. Of course, some of us may have our own doubts about the significance or the lasting value of Russell's positive contribution to the persistent questions of philosophy and religion and find his best service to philosophy to have been done more in his capacity of an iconoclast than in that of a creative thinker. He has raised many of us from our "dogmatic slumber," without helping us to formulate a philosophy of life which can satisfy the totality of our being. We must admit frankly that a philosophy which cannot appreciate religious aspirations and which holds every religious dogma suspect is no less dogmatic than dogmatic religions. However, we may wonder whether the man who is so much haunted by the fate of his kind and who considers every demand a prison and glorifies the wisdom which asks for nothing is really as indifferent to religion as he appears to be. Perhaps our

*_The Basic Writings of Bertrand Russell._ Edited by ROBERT E. EGNER and LESTER E. DENONN. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 736 pp. 1961. 42s.)

whole approach to philosophy is different from Lord Russell's. But all this does not detract from the significance of Lord Russell for our generation. If philosophy means anything it means the courage to differ.

The editors, Professor R. F. Egner and Mr. L. E. Denonn, must have taken really great pains to make a selection which does justice to the rich variety of Lord Russell's thought, and they truly deserve the compliments which the philosopher has paid them in the preface that he has written. No one who cares to know the intellectual climate of this age of crisis can afford to ignore the valuable selection which we now have from the writings of one of the most analytical intellects of the century.

SYED VAHIDUDDIN

Zen Showed Me the Way: to Peace, Happiness and Tranquillity. By SESSUE HAYAKAWA. Edited by CROSWELL BOWEN. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 256 pp. Illustrated. 1961. 21*s*.)

Sessue Hayakawa was born a samurai of a noble Japanese family, and became one of the most distinguished screen actors in Europe and Hollywood. His performance in 1957 as the disgraced Japanese Colonel Saito in *The Bridge on the River Kwai* crowned his film career. In this autobiography he discloses that he himself tried to commit *hara-kiri* at the age of 18, with thirty self-inflicted knife wounds.

A wise Zen Buddhist priest, Eichi, extricated him from the spiritual crisis into which he was thrown. After spending a year alone in a small ruined temple, the youth emerged strengthened and at peace, and this experience remained with him all his life.

Eichi impressed on him: "There is no 'I.' There is only the fusion of self into life until they are one."

Meditation played, and still plays, an important part in Hayakawa's mastery of the mind. He meditates for at least an hour every day. He claims that age is a state of mind, and that people are conditioned to grow old as much by what they habitually expect of increasing years as by the wear and tear of the conflict of existence. To live peacefully and happily and keep young one must rid oneself of all the unnecessary and destroying emotions, he says.

The book is absorbing on any level, but it is particularly so to those who seek a practical introduction to Zen, and who want to understand the intelligent Japanese mind. Hayakawa has a sense of humour, and while there are some shortcomings in literary presentation, the book conveys what he wishes to say very lucidly. Credit must be given to Croswell Bowen for what appears to be some excellent editing and adaptation to help the Western reader.

It is interesting to observe that in applying Zen to his film and stage work Hayakawa comes very close to the Stanislavsky method of concentration on the character being played and elimination of all thought of self.

At the age of nearly 70 Hayakawa played the Buddha in *The Life of the Buddha* on the stage in Japan, and was created a priest of Zen by his spiritual *confrères*.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

Muhammad: Prophet and Statesman. By W. MONTGOMERY WATT. (Oxford University Press, London. 250 pp. Maps. 1961. 25*s*.)

The main sources for the life of the Prophet Muhammad are the *Qur'an* itself, the early biographies — in particular the *Sirah* of Ibn Ishaq (d. 768) and the *Maghazi* of al-Waqidi (d. 822) — and also the Traditions, *i.e.*, the stories about the activities and pronouncements of the Prophet. The

Qur'an, although it offers authentic historical information, is often difficult to interpret. As to the other material — Western scholars have tended in recent times to regard it with dubiety, since much of it has been undoubtedly coloured by and even fabricated in accordance with the needs and circumstances which arose in the centuries immediately following the death of the Prophet. Dr. Montgomery Watt takes a less pessimistic view of this material and is a staunch advocate of the belief that, when analyzed with care, it can provide a solid basis of data relating to the career of the Prophet.

The present volume, designed to afford an objective account of the life and achievements of Muhammad, with special reference to the social and political milieu within which he carried out his prophetic mission, is in fact an abridgement of two earlier and more elaborate studies, also by Dr. Montgomery Watt, namely, *Muhammad at Mecca* (Oxford, 1953) and *Muhammad at Medina* (Oxford, 1956). In compressing, and presenting in strict chronological order, the substance of his larger volumes, Dr. Montgomery Watt has given us a lucid and compact book which cannot fail to be of interest alike to the specialist historian, to the student and to the general reader.

V. J. Parry

Thoughts and Meditations. By Kahlil Gibran. Translated from the Arabic by Anthony R. Ferris. (Heinemann Ltd., London. 117 pp. 1961. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

The mind, when it is young, knows truth and beauty; it knows its Home. Then, as its perception of environment grows, as more and more it enters into the world of Nature and of man, it gradually loses sight of the vision splendid and finds that there is much that is clay-footed, even hostile; that there can be no remaining with carefree personal happiness. The more it sees of life the more it realizes that problems exist on every hand, which must be faced, and if possible solved; that there are burdens to be carried, some with the help of others, some quite by oneself, unaided.

Many would not describe the process thus about themselves, and there are those who, too soon, "forget their youth," while many more are hurried into continuous activity by the pressure of events and can only react, instinctively and in sheer self-preservation, to what impinges upon them, moment by moment.

Kahlil Gibran, the Prophet of Lebanon, was one who retained, undimmed, that early sight of "the light that never was on sea or land," and for that very reason he was deeply affected, sorrowfully ravaged, by the spectacle of what *is,* compared with what could be — by man's ignorance and selfishness, by the injustices and cruelties and exploitations of the world. And this flagellation of a fine mind, an acutely aware and sensitive soul, has caused him, from his early manhood, to cry out against such things, and the present slender book of essays and prose-poems enables one to see again, as one saw from his previous works, how movingly he can "teach in song" what he has tragically "learned in sorrow."

Charles J. Seymour

Refugee World. By Robert Kee. (Oxford University Press, London. 150 pp. Illustrated. 1961. 15*s.*)

For all its vaunted civilization the twentieth century sees a greater number of refugees than any preceding age in history. In *Refugee World* Robert Kee, who has himself been a prisoner

of war, approaches the problem as a problem of actual human beings.

Greater progress was made in the resettlement of refugees immediately after the war than is being made now, Several hundred thousands of displaced persons who refused to be repatriated to their Communist-governed homelands, despite the inducements offered, automatically became refugees, but the American people, motivated by the sentiment that their own nation was founded by the voluntarily displaced, passed in 1948 the Displaced Persons Act, which, in a little over three years, enabled 300,000 to resettle in the United States alone.

The author gives, in this very interesting and outspoken book, innumerable heart-breaking instances of the thousands of refugees, labelled the "hard core," who through no fault of their own had failed to pass the immigration laws, and were still not settled. Statistics are given, but the imagination baulks at visualizing the numbers in terms of human beings, and the author points out that if in the first instance these unfortunates found themselves in their pitiful situation through the tyranny of Communist régimes, it was Western democratic bureaucracy which was perpetuating their plight.

He writes with sympathy and insight of the mentality engendered by long years spent in the miserable hutments of refugee camps. The author holds bureaucratic lethargy responsible for this, and in paying a tribute to the Françoise Rigby British Adoption Committee arrives at the conclusion that the quickest solution would be for individual enterprise to take up the matter.

ROSHAN KOTHAWALA

Dealing with Delinquents. By W. L. HERBERT and F. V. JARVIS. (Methuen and Company Ltd., London. 208 pp. 1961. 12*s*. 6*d*.)

Although this is a work concerned with the treatment of delinquency it is in fact a most helpful guide to the making of human relationships where these might be difficult. Most of us have problems at times in our dealings with other people, and it would be a sorry day if we all became completely rational in our responses to the changing moods of our friends and neighbours, but we can learn to control our feelings.

The delinquent represents human problems in a more than normally acute form, and he presents also a threat to the established order. We tend therefore to adopt defensive attitudes towards him, and to demand punishment or his removal from our circle. But this is not the answer to his problem, and this book is written to help all those who may have to meet delinquents in the course of their duties. It is, however, of value to everybody, for its lesson is really one of understanding.

The delinquent individual is often a disturbed, unhappy person, unable to understand himself or to make himself understood. He must be met in the first place "where he is" — at his own level — by those who will accept him. As the authors say:—

> In the relationship with the delinquent, concern for him as an individual is vitally important; but, while he is "accepted," his delinquent behaviour is not.... The process is not one of repression but of growth.

This lesson is not only for social workers. We have all to try to offer to the misfit in society our patient and sometimes painful understanding, leaving ourselves for ever vulnerable, until we have led the delinquent or other disturbed person, from however poor a start, to growth and development as a person.

The book is addressed to social workers, including teachers. It is truly

a tract for the times of great value to anyone, for those who read it may not only learn to understand, but also to see something of their own reactions and how to deal with them. In the end there is no delinquency; there are only delinquent individuals. For the meeting of the challenge they provide, this is an excellent guide.

FRANK DAWTRY

Evening Talks with Sri Aurobindo. Second series. Recorded by A. B. PURANI. (351 pp. Rs. 8.00); *Prières Annuelles* (New Year Prayers): 1933-1961. By LE MERE (the MOTHER). (41 pp. Re. 1.00); *Where the Wings of Glory Brood.* By M. P. PANDIT. (61 pp. Rs. 1.50) (All Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. 1961); *Education and the Aim of Human Life.* By PAVITRA (P. B. SAINT-HILAIRE). (Sri Aurobindo International Centre of Education, Pondicherry. 85 pp. 1961. Rs. 1.50).

Sri Aurobindo's many-splendoured genius was seen often to relax in the company of his chief disciples, laugh and argue with them, and even his silences must have been profoundly significant. Shri Dilip Kumar Roy's interviews with Sri Aurobindo are already familiar to us, being recorded in *Among the Great* and *Sri Aurobindo Came to Me.* Shri Nirodbaran's notes have been released in *Mother India* and have been collected in a volume. Shri A. B. Purani's two volumes record the talks between Sri Aurobindo and his disciples in 1923-1926, and again in 1938-1950. The first volume[1] provoked great interest, and the second is sure to be hailed as a worthy successor. Shri Purani has made the reader's task a pleasant one: after initiation into the atmosphere of the inner circle, we race through discussions on politics, *yoga-sadhana,* Vedic terminology, education, miracles, psychology, and the reality of the Cosmic Gods. The Guru and the *chelas* build between them an academy like no other. Each talk is a splendid voyage of discovery. The informal atmosphere is captivating, and before we quite realize it, we have already touched the many delectable layers of Sri Aurobindo's thought. Even a concept like "Supramental Truth" is rendered with simple conversational ease:—

> ...the Truth that is coming down is not mental, it is an infinite Truth.... What we are doing at present is to make ourselves fit instruments for the higher Truth, so that when it comes down there would be the proper instrumentation for its working. We won't reject life; we have to bring a new consciousness into the external work.

The "talks" educate through discussion and a seeming diffusion of thought; but the Mother's "prayers" achieve the same purpose through meditation and concentration. The Mother indites a "prayer" on every New Year's Day, and on certain special occasions, and they have a cumulative force when they are presented together. Pithiness, directness and classic simplicity often gleam and glow in her words.

In the third of these books, Shri M. P. Pandit presents succinctly the main principles of *Tantra,* distinguishes between Tantra and Integral Yoga, and sums up the latter thus:—

> Aspiration for the Higher Light and all that it carries with it; rejection of all that stands in its way; surrender of all that one is and has to the Power that is invoked.

Integral Yoga is no misty exercise in daydreaming but really a high, serious and total endeavour to achieve self-transcendence. Sri Aurobindo and the Mother accept the material body as indispensable for a "total perfection and divinization of man" because

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[1] Reviewed in the November 1960 issue of THE ARYAN PATH.

the body not merely provides the base but actually it is a fortress as it were in the safety of which the individual soul can organize itself and develop its own individuality without being helplessly exposed at every moment to the invasion of the other individualities and forces of the Universal Life around.

Shri Pandit's "letter" on "Our Yoga and Ashram" is a candid piece of writing, and must help to dispel the doubts of the uninitiated.

As for the Sri Aurobindo International Centre of Education, the aim of this "examinationless" system is to make a *man* out of the child — and not a mere cog in the soulless machinery of modern society. The soul too needs to be fed and helped to grow and blossom into its full splendour. Shri Pavitra's book discusses this problem of the child's education in its wider perspectives. After making a rapid sketch of the world's changing economic and social institutions, the author points out that not material prosperity but the quality and fullness of the spiritual life alone can give us the peace that passeth understanding. Shri Pavitra's pen moves with an easy facility and accuracy, and the long quotations from Sri Aurobindo's writings stand out in impressive grandeur. It is a notable contribution to contemporary educational thought.

All the books have been brought out with the care and taste that we have by now come to expect in the publications of the Sri Aurobindo Ashram.

PREMA NANDAKUMAR

In Search of the Supreme. Vol. I. By M. K. GANDHI. Compiled and edited by V. B. KHER. (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. xx+388 pp. 1961. Rs. 5.00).

This is a compilation of 256 articles and notes written by Gandhiji from time to time in *Young India, Harijan,* etc., on religion, spirituality and allied subjects. He was essentially a man of religion with a deep and abiding faith in God, whom he described as Truth, and sometimes as Goodness: and his worship consisted of the service of mankind, of daily prayer, weekly silence, a strictly regulated diet and occasional fasts for self-purification. "I enter politics," he wrote once, "in so far as it develops the religious faculty in man."

He was unique in that he had no *Guru* who guided him in his quest. He disciplined his daily life so as to perfect himself day after day by reducing to practice Truth, *Ahimsa, Brahmacharya* and other precepts. His indomitable will enabled him to undertake vows and fulfil them in letter and spirit, and his humility and sincerity gave him courage to own to his "Himalayan Blunders." He called the *Bhagavad-Gita* his mother and his Dictionary of Life, and the *Ramayana* of Tulsi Das was his manual of devotion. He subjected all customs and practices and even *shastrik* injunctions to the scrutiny of reason; and yet he said, "Reason must not usurp the heart." He was a man of faith, which he defined as "the appropriation of the reasoned experience of people whom we believe to have lived a life purified by prayer and penance."

Gandhiji was an amazing combination of meditation and action, "whose head was in solitude and hand in society," to use Emerson's phrase. "One step enough for me," he said with Newman, and lived his full and strenuous life, without being deflected from his path by praise or scorn, always buoyed up by the "practice of the presence of God within him," and implicitly obeying his inner voice, but disclaiming any "vision of God." He said once that *Rama-nama* was in his heart all the twenty-four hours; and gave up his life with the name of Rama on his lips.

The writings of such a spiritual researcher are of inestimable value to all

religious aspirants living an active worldly life. The volume enables the reader to know the reactions to numerous life situations and the approach to many social, political and religious problems of one who ceaselessly strove to apply spiritual values to the affairs of human life in all its aspects.

One wishes, however, that the compiler had made the volume more compact and telling by a somewhat more relentless exclusion of material of doubtful relevance to the main theme of the volume.

K. Sampathgiri Rao

Mr. Gandhi. By Ranjee Shahani. (The Macmillan Company, New York. 211 pp. 1961. 34*s.* 6*d.*; $4.95)

Thirty years ago Millie Graham Polak's *Mr. Gandhi the Man* was reissued in time for the Round Table Conference (it deserves a reprint). In it the author explained that Gandhi had, during the years of their friendship in South Africa, always been known as Mr. Gandhi. Mr. Shahani, whose affectionate yet truly perceptive sketch, published early in 1961, may be read as an excellent enlargement upon Mrs. Polak's study, can have had no such reason for retaining the "Mr." Neither is it explained by his casual reference to Shaw on p. 119. Why, then, the "Mr."?

A couple of other oddities occur: Gandhi did, in fact, join the Theosophical Society, for six months, as an associate member (p. 36); Kallenbach's name was Hermann and not Henry (p. 62); and Gandhi was a member of the London Vegetarian Society's Committee and never its Hon. Secretary (p. 35) (though he did for a while try and form a Bayswater branch). These minor inaccuracies hardly detract from Mr. Shahani's percipience and understanding of his subject, particularly in his essay in Chapter IX on Gandhi's obsessions about food and sex. His tributes to certain eminent but less known — in this respect — European champions of Gandhi during his South African period are overdue and just.

Except for an occasional lapse into flowery banality, as where he speculates on Gandhi's fate had he not gone to South Africa in 1893 ("he might... have ended his days as a man of some property, his breast starry with the dishonour of British titles... he would have gone down in history as one of the many hangers-on of white imperialism"!) Mr. Shahani writes amusingly and with conviction. He is refreshingly free from reverence and his intelligent assessments of Gandhi's character and motives are perhaps the book's best contribution to Gandhian literature. His publishers must be faulted on not providing an index, and on the prohibitive price for a short, unillustrated work.

Ian Le Maistre

Pāda-Index of Vālmīki-Rāmāyaṇa. Vol. I. By G. H. Bhatt. (Gaekwad's Oriental Series, Oriental Institute, Baroda. 174 pp. 1961. Rs. 5.60)

This is an alphabetical index of each *pāda* or quarter of verse in Vālmīki's *Rāmāyaṇa,* accompanied by the reference to book, canto, verse and line. It has been prepared on the basis of the edition of the *Rāmāyaṇa* issued by the Gujarati Printing Press, Bombay (1912-1920), which, by the by, also forms the Vulgate Text for the critical edition of the *Rāmāyaṇa* under publication by the Oriental Institute, a fascicule of which has already been reviewed in these columns.

The first volume of the Index under review stretches up to *au* and the Index will prove, when completed, of inestimable value to researchers as an aid-book for tracing any quotation from the

Rāmāyaṇa to its source. The Oriental Institute deserves the thanks of scholars for having undertaken such a useful publication.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

Shakespeare the Dramatist and Other Papers. By UNA ELLIS-FERMOR. Edited by KENNETH MUIR. (Methuen and Company Ltd., London. 188 pp. Frontispiece. 1961. 25*s.*)

Of books about Shakespeare there is no end. But there would have been a place for the late Una Ellis-Fermor's study of *Shakespeare the Dramatist.* That this was left unfinished at her death was due not least to the unselfishness with which she devoted her help to those whom she chose as her collaborators in the New Arden edition of Shakespeare, of which she was the distinguished General Editor. One of these, Professor Muir, has now given an outline of the proposed book, edited the completed parts of it, and brought together some of her other published and unpublished papers.

The quality of her thinking about poetic drama emerges clearly enough. But perhaps those can best appreciate it who heard her deliver some of these papers. Una Ellis-Fermor brought to the qualities of a highly-trained academic mind a personal and feminine integrity and intuition that gave a rare imaginative aura to her best work. The range of this intuition may be briefly illustrated from the volume under review. Writing of the paradox of the poet's impersonal sympathy for each of his characters she says:—

> ...in his vast, impersonal sympathy lies one solution of the problem so long familiar to mystics: "Teach us to care and not to care." And the dramatist having, like the great mystic, in some measure solved this problem, speaks as one having authority.

And her amplification of her meaning is too important not to be quoted in full:—

> ...I take truth, which the great artist communicates, to be a part or parts of a complete and irreducible reality, such as might be discerned by an unerring and all-including intelligence, which some of us find it briefer and less cumbersome to call God. I consider further that the spiritual universe affords the means for the knowledge of this truth; that it is part of its nature to do so. I believe this knowledge to be possible under certain conditions to human faculties, to such faculties, for instance, as are possessed by the great poets and the great saints. I believe, that is to say, that in this continuum of experience, of which we have spoken, it is possible to either of them to discern certain significant elements, unnameable perhaps by either and for the artist certainly better undefined, which so work upon the imagination as to produce awareness of form, of the presence of intention, of the operation of underlying law. Provided, that is to say, that the poet has within his power the means of transmission...he is capable of transmitting truth, and that truth is there to be communicated.

ROY WALKER

Tales from the Calendar. By BERTOLT BRECHT. The prose translated by YVONNE KAPP, the verse translated by MICHAEL HAMBURGER. (Methuen and Company Ltd., London. 124 pp. 1961. 15*s.*)

As the title of the book deliberately suggests, Brecht compiled in it all sorts of entertaining, instructing, satirical, moralizing and topical stories and poems on his return to Germany in 1947. Some poems and anecdotes had appeared before or in 1933: *e.g.*, "The Soldier of La Ciotat." The whole collection is

a most welcome publication. It contains amongst other important stories "The Augsburg Chalk Circle," which was the forerunner of Brecht's celebrated play *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* (1941).

A special feature of the book is the "Anecdotes of Mr. Keuner," written, like the other stories, in a vivid, uninhibited style. As an example of Brecht's brilliance, wisdom and power of suggestion we single out "Form and Substance," the story about a man's wild striving for form at the cost of substance: a laurel bush is pruned into the shape of a ball, but by the time the desired shape has been achieved, the laurel is trimmed off to non-existence. The gardener sadly remarks to the over-zealous Mr. K.: "Yes, that's a ball, but where's the laurel?"

In other sketches satire and humour are blended in equally successful narratives. Brecht does not only feed the appetite of the sophisticated but also appeals to the common non-intellectual reader: *e.g.*, in the story "Socrates Wounded" the hero is brave, though not in battle, only afterwards when Alcibiades comes in person to honour the alleged heroism of Socrates, who then admits the facts of the martial feat against the Persians. A thorn in his foot prevented the Greek philosopher from moving on until the Greek cavalry turned up.

The book offers much entertainment and searching criticism of human follies. It reads well and is brought out in a handy edition.

A. Closs

Himalayan Pilgrimage. By B. N. Datar. (Publications Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, New Delhi. 103 pp. Illustrated. Rs. 5.00)

"Look upon the hills and ye shall gather strength" is an injunction universally justified by human experience. As one gazes at massive peaks raising their heads into the clouds, one is lifted by awe and wonder into a kinship with these elemental forms and to a sudden realization of the potentialities of the human spirit. The fascination for dwelling on summits, the ache to reach out to whatever gods there be above, around, are part of human life, crucifying or liberating according to the dimension to which one vibrates.

Since the earliest days of our known history [Dr. Rajendra Prasad points out in his Foreword] the Himalayas have cast on our people a peculiar spell mixed with awe and wonder. They have gone to the Himalayas for solace, strength and inspiration. Thinkers, spiritual seekers and gifted writers from the days of Vyasa and Valmiki right to present times have alike drunk deep of the beauty of the Himalayas in their effort to raise themselves from the mundane level.

The author touches on these and other aspects of the Himalayas, and points out how the pilgrims to the Himalayas helped to spread religion, to create and maintain a certain unity of outlook all over the country and brought about an exchange of trends in art, literature and the sciences. He gives detailed information about the great centres of pilgrimage, Badrinath, Gangotri, Kedarnath and Jamnotri, as well as the holy rivers of the Himalayas, together with relevant passages from the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, and from Kalidasa, who, he affirms, shows a rather detailed and exact knowledge of the geography of the region.

The second part of the book concerns itself with the regions of the Himalayas and gives a great deal of topographical and other information regarding these areas. The book is profusely illustrated with photographs of the enchanting beauty of various Himalayan peaks, which lend additional interest to a publication on one of the most fascinating regions of our globe.

Hilla C. Vakeel

A LETTER FROM LONDON

London, March 5th, 1962

You have just completed your third general election which gave Prime Minister Nehru another term of office for the next five years. While he is, I presume, musing himself as to the composition of his Ministry to last for another five years, the British Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, finds himself in a situation which must cause him considerable worry. If he can get over the various knotty problems that he has on his plate, he may succeed in not being forced to resign.

The big issues that are currently being debated at Westminster and in the country are: (1) how to bring about a Summit where the leaders of the Free World and the leaders of the so-called not-free world can sit and discuss their problems; (2) how to deal with Sir Roy Welensky, who came here a few days ago like a bull in a China shop; (3) how Britain, without offending the countries of the Commonwealth, can join the Common Market; and (4) how far the people of the Commonwealth will hold together once the implications of the Commonwealth Immigration Bill become clear as the various clauses of the Bill are put into operation.

The British political parties are divided practically on all these issues. But the Government, so far as Parliament is concerned, is not unduly worried about the vote in the House. It has always, in spite of the so-called rebels in the Government party, a sure majority of over sixty on any issue that it desires to get through the House. With this steamroller majority to back it, the present Government has also been invoking the aid of the guillotine to prevent the Opposition from delaying the measures which it desires to put on the statute book. This has been an unprecedented experience. It has invoked this form of suppressing the Opposition at least four times in the last six months. It makes you wonder whether it is a good thing that a Government should have such a large majority, which enables it to do what it likes irrespective of the views of the Opposition, which, after all, does represent a large section of the community.

The decision of the American and British Governments to start nuclear explosions in outer space has caused general consternation in the country. Though the Labour Opposition is in favour of these explosions, following the private talks that Mr. Hugh Gaitskell had in Washington with the American President, public opinion detests these tests.

The Committee of One Hundred is, therefore, intensifying its campaign not only in London but in other big provincial towns. The recent sentences passed on some of the members of the Committee of One Hundred under the Official Secrets Act have left a bad taste in the mouths of all those who believe in fair play. Objection is taken to the refusal of the judge to allow the defendants to call as witnesses eminent scientists like Sir Robert Watson Watt and Professor Linus on the question of possession of nuclear arms being prejudicial or beneficial to the safety of the State. It is freely felt that the evidence of these scientists would have been embarrassing to the authorities and acceptable to the jury and perhaps have moved the latter to acquit the accused.

The efficacy of a civil disobedience campaign to attain the aim for which it is being started is also being stressed. To re-emphasize this view, very often we find reference to Gandhi's campaign in India and Africa and the more recent Negro movements in the southern U.S.A. against segregation in public transport. Advocates of civil disobedience point out that these campaigns

have achieved what years of prayer and legislation have failed to achieve. A correspondent in the *Scotsman* pointed out that in most cases the campaigns for civil disobedience were led by clergymen.

This correspondent further reminds the readers of the *Scotsman* that on the question of war in general, and nuclear weapons in particular, the churches are split wide open. Both sides pray with equal sincerity that their view might prevail. Both sides accuse the other side of lacking faith. The H-bomb is a complete denial of faith, since it represents the belief that "might is right."

There are those who advocate the need to trust God in preventing the use of nuclear weapons. This is a considerable section of the community and to them the supporters of Earl Russell, who is an agnostic, say that prayerful Japanese Christians were among those many thousands incinerated, or still alive and suffering in Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The spectacle of Hiroshima and Nagasaki must make the words "we must trust in God and keep our powder dry" seem blasphemous. Despite their agnosticism, the opponents of nuclear weapons have a higher respect for their fellow creatures than is implicit in the phrase "we must trust in God and keep our powder dry." For the nuclear "powder" of today has hideous ramifications and no true follower of God could sanction even the stockpiling, let alone the use, of such powder.

In view of the wide-spread agitation against nuclear explosions, a movement is set on foot to demand a national plebiscite on the question of nuclear weapons. With all the talk of fall-out deterrents, testing, bases and NATO commitments, the real issue that is before the British people is: Should Britain retain nuclear arms, or not? If a decisive vote is given on this fundamental question, the British Government would know whether it had the people behind it, while the minority would have had the chance of proving its strength. The British Government should not refuse to hold such a plebiscite on the ground "we don't do such things in this country." Since these are highly critical times a free vote would do away with the necessity for any particular section of the community to resort to civil disobedience in order to propagate its views.

A petition against nuclear tests signed by 42,000 women was presented to the Prime Minister at the Admiralty House. The petition originated in a letter published in the *Guardian* from a few mothers who were desperately worried about their future. None of these writers belonged to any nuclear disarmament organization, nor was their project allied to any political party. They simply asked any women who wanted to plead for the lives of their children and for a future free from the threat and horrors of nuclear war to sign the petition. This is an interesting document worth reproducing:—

> We the undersigned women, electors of the United Kingdom, alarmed by the threat to our families and to all humanity contained in the international situation as it has developed in the last few months, implore the governments of the Great Powers, while there is still time, to reconsider their policies and to take urgent steps to secure:—
>
> (a) an agreement to stop the testing of nuclear weapons,
>
> (b) an immediate resumption of negotiations which will lead, under a system of international inspection, to the reduction and ultimate abandonment of nuclear weapons and the reduction of conventional armaments,
>
> (c) a rethinking by every government of its policy on these and other points of controversy so that all considerations of pride and prestige, whether national or personal, may be laid aside in an attempt to reach agreed solutions.

The signatories to the petition do not

intend to set up any organization. The signatures to the petition had been spontaneous in that collectors had not pestered people or approached strangers. Many of the women who signed the petition had not felt able to join in the organized unilateralist protests, but wanted to support an effort for agreed international policy.

A few months ago, Lord Home, the British Foreign Secretary, complained that the representatives of the Afro-Asian countries at the United Nations had become parties to resolutions which were reckless and were in support of the Communist bloc. The *Guardian,* in its issue of March 5th, has given a summary of the voting records of the second part of the sixteenth session of the General Assembly which has recently ended.

The paper reminds us that Czechoslavakia and Rumania wanted the Political Committee to "appeal to the Government of the United States to put an end to interference in the internal affairs of Cuba." Only the Communist bloc and Cuba voted for this resolution. Fifty members, which included African and Asian members, voted against the resolution. Poland and Bulgaria wanted the Security Council to consider sanctions against Portugal for her action in Angola. Only twenty-six countries supported this move and it was easily defeated. The African and Asian countries also refused to support the Soviet Union, which demanded the withdrawal of Belgian troops by the time independence for Ruanda-Urundi was proclaimed. Ghana and the United Arab Republic also refused to support the Soviet Union when it asked for a debate on the Congo. The *Guardian* is inclined to the view that these newly emergent nations "are on the watch for any attempt to use their votes as weapons in the cold war."

SUNDER KABADI

NOISE AND MALADIES

How noise can lead citizens to suffer from "nerves" and other maladies such as palpitation, rise in blood pressure and stomach upsets is described by Fritz Wahl in a recent article in the *Times of India* (Bombay). Millions of people all over the world are now in danger of peacetime shell-shock, being victims of noise from rattling trains, bellowing lorries, grinding cars, chattering motor-cycles, deafening jet planes, shrilling telephones, trumpeting radio sets, clanking machinery and clattering typewriters. Fritz Wahl describes this as enemy number one of mankind and refers to a recent conference in Munich where a hundred noise suppression experts met and discussed ways and means of reducing noise to a bearable level. He says:—

> Medical researchers found that the peak load of what the human nerve system can withstand continuously is a noise level of eighty phons, measured in German DIN standard units. Continuous noise of this intensity can cause serious psychic and physical trouble; irritation, nervousness, lack of concentration and an increased inclination to act without thinking and recklessness. Even the tendency towards excessive use of alcohol and addiction to narcotics and drugs result from the racket of the city. Noise, again, is responsible for the increasing number of street accidents as nerves are continuously irritated.

Several suggestions for reducing the noise of traffic are put forward, the chief of them being that city and traffic planners should lay out ever more noise-protected zones such as exist now near churches, schools and hospitals. Further, city planners should re-route traffic from densely populated areas by

building limited motor-ways by-passing cities. Unless these steps are immediately taken, there is no doubt that the perilous consequences of these "acoustic traumas" will increase; for, according to the writer, a crucial point has already been reached. He says:—

> In the streets of large cities with their long queues of cars, motor-bicycles and trams, however, measured values go up to over one hundred phons. Even more intense noise is generated in the vicinity of international airports by modern turbo-prop and jet airliners.... The permitted maximum noise level since 1953 has been increased five times.

S. SUNDER RAJAN

ENDS AND SAYINGS

> "————————*ends of verse*
> *And sayings of philosophers.*"
> HUDIBRAS

In the *New York Herald Tribune* of February 18th, 1962, Martin G. Berck writes an article, "Buddhist Homage — for an American," that is soundly informative as well as dignifiedly appreciative, on the recent honours paid throughout Buddhist Ceylon to the memory of Colonel H. S. Olcott, one of the colleagues of Mme. H. P. Blavatsky in the launching of the Theosophical Movement, who died on February 17th, 1907.

After a sketch of H. S. Olcott's early career, which included many good services to his country, Mr. Berck writes of how "stressing the fundamental similarity of all faiths, and the spiritual nature of man and the universe" led Colonel Olcott to serve in many ways the sadly declined Indians and Ceylonese Buddhists. Under his Theosophical inspiration, he organized an exhibition of Indian crafts; he founded a first school for untouchables; he founded a library of Sanskrit palm-leaf MSS.

It was in the service of Buddhism, however, that he did his best work, "to restore Buddhist cultural institutions." Since 1505, Mr. Berck points out, the pressure of intolerant Christian occupying nations against Buddhism had scarcely relaxed. "So complete was this educational monopoly [of Christian missionaries] that until 1925 the evidence is that every professional man in Ceylon was a Christian."

Colonel Olcott laboured hard to organize Buddhist schools in Ceylon. He lectured and collected funds; he organized a Buddhist Theosophical Society in Colombo which still is a large educational organization and has fostered hundreds of schools; he prepared a Buddhist Catechism.

While he is describing with proper pride the gratitude of Buddhist Ceylon for his fellow countryman's labours, Mr. Berck takes occasion to state clearly and accurately the Four Noble Truths and the steps of the Noble Eightfold Path. It is no small matter that these should be spoken of in even the popular journals of the West. To this result the inspiration of the Theosophical Movement, which lay behind the work of Colonel Olcott for Buddhism (and also behind the work of another little-known great American, William Q. Judge, in the interpretation of ancient Hindu philosophy), has contributed incalculably.

The Parliamentary Group for World Government has published an international survey of "History Syllabuses and

a World Perspective." This includes a comparison of examination syllabuses in different parts of the world, a report on the teaching of world affairs in teacher-training colleges, and the results of a competition for the best "One World" examination syllabus in modern studies. A prize-winning essay by Mr. Sulwyn Lewis of Swansea Grammar School has been reprinted.

One point the survey makes is the danger of either of the two alternatives — an ideological commitment to the Marxist interpretations of history, or (apart from a minority linked to religious dogmas) a complete lack of any "framework of reference" or integrated point of view. If our generation is to make sense of history, or survive, it must evolve one or more points of view "applicable to its predicament." An attitude of mind is even more important than knowledge, and for this a study of Basic World Civics is most suitable. How to combine national and international consciousness is the problem for any syllabus of history, geography, or even of physics. It is the middle way between a biased version and a colourless, "neutralist" presentation that is needed. What is to be aimed at is this:—

> Recasting the whole content of and reorientating the whole approach to history teaching, so that pupils are enabled to begin to develop wider interests, to begin to be inspired by a broader outlook, and to begin to grow in tolerance and human sympathies, while appreciating something of the difficulties in arriving at informed and wise judgments on the many problems of the modern world.

But *how* shall we reorientate the teaching of history, how demonstrate, logically, philosophically, metaphysically and even scientifically, that mankind is indeed of one essence, whether we call it God or Nature, spirit or matter, and that nothing can affect one nation or one man without affecting all the others? Any orientation less than that can only lead again eventually either to limitation and prejudice, or to unsatisfying emptiness.

At the invitation of the Lord Mayor of London, the Council of Christians and Jews celebrated its twentieth anniversary at the Mansion House, with a gathering of nearly three hundred people, which included the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Moderators of the Church of Scotland and of the Free Church Federal Council, the Chief Rabbi, and such outstanding figures as Viscount Samuel, Sir John Wolfenden, Mr. Justice Karminski and many other notables (*Common Ground,* Winter 1961-2).

As befitted the purpose for which the Council was founded, the theme of toleration (and the need to define it) was a recurring one during the speeches. As Dr. Robert Birley, Headmaster of Eton College, said, it was no use arguing about toleration; it had to be tried out in practice. This had been done successfully for many years in the City and Common Council of London, and indeed, "the moves towards toleration in our country have very largely sprung from them." The Lord Mayor referred to an analogy made by his father, between tolerance as "an essential ingredient of a civilized society" and vitamins as essential for bodily health. Yet tolerance without mutual understanding was not enough. Lord Radcliffe spoke of "the saving grace of toleration," because "the truest expression of the human spirit lies in love and not in hate"; while the Archbishop of Canterbury, quoting Lord Samuel ("It is easy to tolerate other people's principles if you have no principles of your own"), drew attention to the real "tolerance that springs from the possession of deep convictions" and which makes self-dedication to tolerance "a great creative task."

Dr. Lewis Webster Jones, President

of the National Conference of Christians and Jews in the U.S.A., made the same distinction between real and unreal tolerance. The first is "based on understanding and sympathy with people of other faiths and racial backgrounds," but there is the so-called tolerance of condescension, and also a kind of indifferentism, not caring for anything. The Conference he represented was founded in 1928 to combat the outrageous persecution of Jews, Roman Catholics and Negroes by the Ku Klux Klan. But it was not confined to Christians and welcomed help from all "religiously motivated people," since the most important task today was to formulate with sufficient clarity "a moral consensus among all our religious diversities" so that it could serve to guide our conduct in public affairs.

Common Ground also announces a series of "Standard Lessons" on the subject of "Race Relations in the Classroom." Sponsored by the Council on World Tensions (Fraternité Mondiale), an off-shoot of the American Conference of Christians and Jews, they offer to teachers examples of objective and scientific methods of overcoming race prejudice. They are being widely distributed in the educational field, and will be welcomed as practical aids in the great battle for tolerance.

Though the discussions at the Commonwealth Educational Conference, which held a fifteen-day session in Delhi recently, were mainly connected with questions arising from the Oxford Plan, some of the decisions reached there were of great importance making a new chapter in the long history of Commonwealth co-operation. Apart from its purely educational value, one has to realize that the scheme for closer Commonwealth educational co-operation decided upon at the Delhi Conference has a cultural aspect to it. For teachers from the English-speaking regions of the Commonwealth who may come to this country can be of great help in popularizing the Indian classics by collaborating with Indian scholars in translating into English the major literary works in current Indian languages.

Much has been done to popularize Western literature in this country; it is high time now that Indian classics should be circulated thoughout the world though the medium of an International language like English. Such exchanges must pave the way to a new kind of world literature.

It is refreshing to note that Sir David Eccles, the British Minister of Education and leader of the British delegation to the Conference, emphasized the importance of looking at education not merely from the point of view of economic growth but also from that of the development of the human personality and human values. He said (according to a report in *The Hindu*, Madras):—

> The fashion of the modern world, East and West, is to proclaim economic growth as the imperious end for which ever-increasing resources must be poured into the service of education. Should we follow suit? If we did and decided that economic growth was our only priority, and that nothing else mattered to the Commonwealth countries, our choice would be well enough understood and widely applauded, but there would be nothing distinctive in such a policy, nothing to make the outside observer say "only the Commonwealth would act this way."

Deploring the tendency in certain circles to copy the example of countries which trained all their young people to serve the ends of the State, Sir David appealed to the educationists to be loyal to the older principle of education, namely, the faith that man is more important than his positions and that the human spirit is more valuable than the prestige of the State. He added:—

> In spite of the political errors and lapses

to which even Commonwealth countries are prone, the principles of education in the Commonwealth are still sound and demonstrate that we stand as a family of nations for a just order in human values and have set our hearts and minds on building a good society for all men and women.

The true end of an educational system, he felt, depended on the quality of human relationships, which simply meant that the benefits and resources of education should be used in the service of a good society. He concluded:—

Education is the instrument of death or life; it is for us to choose life.... The history of the post-war Commonwealth will be judged in an important respect by the manner and degree in which its member-countries advance the cause of education.

In a similar vein did Professor K. G. Saiyidain, Special Educational Adviser to the Kashmir Government, define the objectives of true education in the course of his convocation address to the Aligarh Muslim University recently. According to a report in *The Statesman,* Delhi, he said:—

There are only three things that really educate — the company of good and great men, the study of good and great books which act as a bridge between the thought and achievements of generations, and work without which there neither is, nor can there ever be, anything worth while in life. Work which is done in the spirit of worship and with the pride of craftsmen, work into which one pours the best of oneself and out of which are forged character and personality and art and beauty and power. A university must provide this threefold sustenance for the growing mind....

On the subject of the standards of education in India, he deplored the enormous wastage in University education inasmuch as more than sixty per cent fail to receive the minimum intellectual training expected from graduates and added that

what was even more alarming was the tendency during the last decade or so for the proportion of such candidates to increase year by year. In such a situation, the universities had no business to admit students who were incapable of profiting from higher academic education or to admit more students than they could effectively educate with due regard to the facilities and resources at their disposal.

Professor Saiyidain then spoke with feeling of the eminent men — "those sources of inspiration" — who had come to the University in unbroken succession and left their deep impress on all and who made one feel that life was more meaningful than the sceptics imagined.

When he thought of them and others like Tagore, Aurobindo, C. R. Das, Motilal Nehru, Mohammad Ali, Maulana Mahmudul Hasan, Ansari, Ajmal Khan, Jawaharlal Nehru, Rajendra Prasad and Radhakrishnan, he was tempted to ask himself, "where are their successors who will be able to fill their places worthily now or later? And the echo answers in a melancholy voice, "I do not know." "I raise this question here [said Professor Saiyidain] because it is pre-eminently the concern of the universities to educate a superior type of individual who will have the moral and intellectual resources to reshape this sorry world nearer to his heart's desire."

Quoting a verse from the *Koran,* Professor Saiyidain concluded his Convocation Address thus:—

The foam on the surface of water is washed away but what is of enduring benefit abides in the earth. It should be our constant endeavour to throw the dross overboard and to preserve and add to whatever is of abiding value in our heritage.